

THE MURDER IN THE HOVEL

FINAL CREATIVE WRITING PROJECT

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment
Of the Requirement of the Degree of
Sarjana Sastra



Siti Badriyah Desy Amalia

392013047

**FACULTY OF LANGUAGE AND ARTS
ENGLISH LITERATURE DEPARTMENT
UNIVERSITAS KRISTEN SATYA WACANA
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Saya yang bertanda tangan di bawah ini:

Nama : Rosalina Sitorus
NIM : 392003036 Email : rosalinasitorus6@gmail.com
Fakultas : Bahasa dan Seni Program Studi : Sastra Inggris
Judul tugas akhir : Fate of the Poor

Pembimbing : 1. Debi Maria Sri Parta, M.Hum
2. Erwin Sunaryaningih, M. Hum

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Nama : Rosalina Sitorus
NIM : 392013036 Email : rosalinasitorus6@gmail.com
Fakultas : Bahasa dan Seni Program Studi : Sastra Inggris
Judul tugas akhir : Fate of the Poor

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Pembimbing

Ervin Suryaningih, M.Hum
Penguji


THE MURDER IN THE HOVEL

FINAL PROJECT

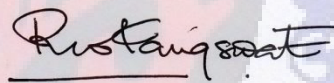
Submitted in Partial Fulfillment
Of the Requirements for the Degree of
Sarjana Sastra

SITI BADRIYAH DESY AMALIA
NIM: 392013047

Approved by:



Deta Maria Sri Darta, M.Hum.
Supervisor



Erio RP FanggidaE, M.Hum.
Examiner

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Siti Badriyah Desy Amalia:





TABLE OF CONTENT

Cover Page.....	i
Pernyataan Tidak Plagiat.....	ii
Pernyataan Persetujuan Akses.....	iii
Approval Page.....	iv
Copyright Statement.....	v
Publication Agreement Declaration.....	vi
Table of Content	2
The Murder in the Hovel Summary	3
The Murder in the Hovel.....	4
Reflective Paper	29
Log Book	33
Acknowledgement.....	45
References	46

The Murder in the Hovel Summary

Detective Nathan and his friend, Kris, were in a holiday when a mysterious murder appeared. Mr. Pranata, one of the most successful business men in Semarang was found dead. With his high curiosity, Nathan forced his friend to follow him solving the unusual case after he got a call from the victim family. At their arrival to the victim house, everything seemed to be okay before they interrogated everyone living there. Surprisingly, the most trustworthy lawyer who dedicated himself to the family accused Mr. Pranata's old friend as the suspect! Along with confusions Kris had in his mind, Nathan acted wisely and asked Kris to visit and bring the victim old friend to Mr. Pranata's house.

Everyone could be the suspect and they have their own motive. But then, it was really hard for Kris to believe that he found the poison which killed Mr. Pranata at Mr. Pranata's old friend house! How could an old weak pathetic man kill his own best friend? Did it have something to do with Eva, his daughter?

Nathan and Kris must face the most difficult situation where they had to suspect those who seemed innocent and at the same time those who seemed suspicious. Would Nathan and Kris find the truth behind this wickedness?

The Murder in the Hovel

The sun's warmth entered my room and it was so beautiful to see my white curtain turned into bright yellow. I tried to get up from my 'enjoyable' sleep and looked for my slippers. I walked downstairs to the kitchen to brew an espresso and open the window. I really enjoyed my first day of holiday in Dieng. No vehicles, crowds, pollution. The fresh air combined with the warmth of the sun, the bright blue sky and the green trees with its falling leaves made it perfect. I just turned my back when I saw Nathan stood behind me. I frowned and gave him a signal to speak if he had something to say.

"We should leave. As soon as possible." He took my espresso and drank it. "I got a call last night from Mr. Pranata's son, Kian. He needed my help, I mean our help. Mr. Pranata passed away without any reasonable causes. This." He gave me a paper. "It's written there, 'A Successful Business Man Dead Mysteriously, Family Denied.'"

"I've been wondering and searching for the certain person and had a suspicion on Mr. Pranata's family. The paper wrote the location in detail even though they didn't write the family's name. Last night I found out that my suspicion landed on the right person. Kian called me and asked us to investigate the death. He didn't want everybody know what exactly happened to his father. He also told me that he had to bribe the journalist and the paper itself to not revealing their identity.

"He died after visiting his old friend named Tirto. He went there with his lawyer, Hadian. He found Mr. Pranata fainted on the floor and took him to the hospital. Unfortunately, the doctor couldn't save his life. Mr. Pranata is still on autopsy progress right now. We should arrive there before the autopsy result comes out." He drank the last shot of my espresso. "So, what do you say, Kris?" I hold my breath and said to him that I had no choice. I had to sacrifice my holiday for investigating a case, again. Goodbye, Dieng.

I drove from Dieng to Semarang for four hours and the sky was already dark. When we were about to arrive at Mr. Pranata's house a woman ran into my car! I panicked and hit the brake. When I was going to check the woman, she has already run away without saying anything. I saw no blood on the ground, I made myself sure that I didn't hit her. It was her who ran into my car.

"She came from Mr. Pranata's house. If I am not mistaken." I looked at Nathan and then I realized that he was talking to himself. My hand shivered as I thought I almost hit someone, but I tried to keep my cool.

We stopped in front of an enormous house with the purple wall and the high gate. The house didn't look like a normal house; it looked like a castle for me. The security opened the gate after we introduced ourselves and we parked the car on the garage. A young tall handsome man welcomed us with a warm hug and introduced himself. He was Kian, the only son of Mr. Pranata. He let us in and explained everything calmly with his soft voice. Since I couldn't speak too much I just listened to the conversation between Nathan and Kian. The case was really complicated when I heard Kian said that Hadian, the lawyer of the family accused Mr. Pranata's old friend as the murderer. We hoped that we could talk to the lawyer tonight but it seemed that he wasn't available right now.

"Kian, do you have any servants here?" Nathan suddenly asked the question when he's about to enter his bedroom. I heard it from my room upstairs.

"Sure, the one who served you dinner tonight was my servant."

"I mean a woman, a maid."

"Ah, no. We never hire a woman to work here as a servant. My father wouldn't like it. Does something bother you?"

"No, everything's okay. Good night, Kian. See you in the morning."

I closed my eyes as the conversation ended.

*

I woke up and felt energized. I checked my cell phone and got a message from Nathan:

You sleep very soundly until you forgot to lock your door.

Meet me at the back yard at 10.

I walked towards the door and found out that it was true that I forgot to lock it. How could I be so reckless? Nathan might have done something in my room. I knew it. I couldn't wait to meet him and ask for an explanation.

I was walking downstairs when I spotted Kian sitting on the sofa. He read a piece of paper on his hand seriously until he didn't notice me, but it seemed that my footsteps landed on his ears.

"Good morning, Mr. Kris." He put the paper on the table as he saw me.

"Good morning. Just call me Kris." I smiled and he offered me breakfast. I refused and told him that I have to meet Nathan first. I went to back yard and saw Nathan sitting on the chair with enjoyment. I joined him and got myself a cup of coffee.

"Have you heard the autopsy result?" asked Nathan. I shook my head. "I bet Kian was really shocked until he couldn't say it to you."

“What do you mean?”

Nathan explained everything to me. The autopsy result had come out and it showed that Mr. Pranata died because of toxic called **strychnine*. I shocked and realized that this case was a murder. The lawyer had said so, but how could he be so sure about it? I frowned and thought about something. My mind was filled with puzzle right now.

“Strychnine. Who may have it? It wasn’t easy to get it.” I was so desperate even to speak out my mind. Nathan didn’t answer me.

“Our guess will come in 5 minutes. Please be ready and calm down yourself. I told Kian not to spoil about the autopsy result to anyone. We’ll see his reaction.”

I looked at Nathan and examined his expression. I could tell that he also thought that this case was unbelievable. We never face this kind of situation before. Suddenly, I heard someone cleared his throat and I saw a well-built man with sharp eyes stood beside me. He introduced himself as a lawyer of Mr. Pranata’s family, Hadian. He sat calmly in front of us as if nothing happened.

“What do you want from me?” his voice was really steady even though I realized that it also trembled at the same time.

“Relax, we only need you to answer our question. Thank you for coming here.” Nathan put his coffee on the table and took a deep breath. “So, you are the trustworthy lawyer of Mr. Pranata who accompanied him to his old friend house. Unfortunately, you couldn’t bring him home alive.” Those words were said sarcastically, I didn’t know what he meant by saying it that way. I saw Hadian’s face turned red.

“What do you mean?!”

“As his lawyer and also his guardian, I guess you have to be more careful. Something bad might happen to him anytime, anywhere. I bet you never really care about it, don’t you? You leave him alone with his friend without realizing the risk. You let him die.”

“I didn’t leave him! I swore I didn’t!” his voice was rising. “He wanted me to give him a space to speak freely with his friend and I did it!”

“But it doesn’t mean you have to wait outside the house.”

A moment of silence, I saw an uneasy expression on Hadian’s face. He’s freezing and couldn’t say anything to deny Nathan’s statement.

“You weren’t there. You couldn’t say anything as you pleased without any proves!”

“You found him fainted on the floor. You found him. It means you weren’t inside the house at that time.” Nathan smirked. Hadian covered his face that had turned pale. When the

situation got better and Hadian looked calm, Nathan told him about the autopsy result. Hadian's eyes got widened as he heard it. His face turned red and he smacked the table.

"I knew it! I knew that he was murdered! It was his poor friends, yes I am sure!"

"What makes you think so?"

"Poor people will do everything to get what they want!"

"What they want?"

"Money..yes, money! I just remembered that Mr. Pranata brought a suitcase when we went there, but I didn't see it again since his death. They stole it! I need to go there and asked for their responsibility!" he was about to stand up and I reflexively hold him and asked him to calm down. Nathan lowered his voice and whispered to me, "I will ask for the address of Mr. Pranata's old friend. All you have to do is go there and bring the whole family here. And if you spot something strange, bring it here. Now, leave this man to me. You can go inside and have your breakfast before you go." I nodded and leave them.

I had my breakfast alone in the dining room. The house was so quiet until I could hear the water drops from the sink in the kitchen. I wondered what will Nathan do to Hadian? Will he ask a further question? It was a little bit strange to see Nathan interrogated someone like that. I knew he did it on purpose to reveal the truth and he wanted to keep it while I investigated other suspects.

After having my breakfast, I looked around the house and saw many family photos hanging on the wall. This enormous house was once filled with harmony before the storm attacked. Mr. Pranata was now gone, Kian's sweet smile vanished, and Mrs. Pranata went abroad to escape the reality. Yesterday when we've just arrived Kian told us that his mother was really shocked and kept crying all the night as Mr. Pranata passed away. Then, Kian suggested her to go abroad to relax her mind because staying in the house would make her remembered about her husband all the time and make her condition even worse. Now, Kian faced this difficult situation alone. No matter what happened he wanted to keep everything from his mother until the truth revealed. I knew that it was really hard for him. Although he kept his sadness in front of us to always remain calm and happy, his eyes couldn't lie.

I continued walking around the house when I spotted a piece of paper on the table. This was what Kian read this morning, I wondered what it was. I took and read it slowly. It was the autopsy result. Then I understood why he looked down today. The first person who knew about the autopsy result must be Nathan since he was the person who asked Kian to not telling anyone about the result.

“You must not trust anybody here, Kris. Even Kian.” Nathan appeared from the back yard and came to me. “He may look innocent and everybody here will act the same way.” He added. I couldn’t agree more. He might be right, but deep in my heart I trusted Kian. He grew up in harmony with lovely parents. He wouldn’t kill his own father.

“How is it going?” I asked him about his conversation with Hadian.

“Fine. This is the address. I have to go somewhere. Don’t forget to ask about the suitcase, too. Hadian wanted it.” he gave me the address and then left.

Thirty minutes later I left the house and drove my car to the address that Hadian gave. I wish everything would be okay as I investigated this part myself. Actually, what I had to do was only spread the news about Mr. Pranata’s death and brought the whole family to be interrogated by Nathan. But I was sure it wouldn’t be as easy as it sounded and I had to find some clues thereof only it existed.

I drove my car following the GPS, but it led me to a narrow muddy road. I wasn’t sure my car could pass it. I tried to find other ways but it remained same, it meant that I had to walk in order to reach the destination. I parked my car in the supermarket and started to walk. I couldn’t believe what I saw when I just entered the narrow street. The place was dreadfully smelly with tons of wet garbage everywhere. Now I understood why this place was really muddy, it’s because of the flood. My black shoes were now very dirty and I had to walk slowly because I didn’t want to fall. I wondered if I took a wrong path, I checked my GPS and it showed that I took the right path. I frowned and stopped walking when I saw a child sat in the middle of garbage, he was collecting plastic glass. I tried to walk closer to him and when he noticed me he ran away with his precious plastic glasses. I failed. I just wanted to find the house of Mr. Pranata’s old friend among these ramshackle houses. I knew it was impolite to say it, but it’s the truth. I couldn’t think any better words to describe this place. And now, I had nobody to be asked for the address.

“Wow, it’s so rare to find a man that dressed properly like you here. Do you want to claim that this land is yours and extruding us?”

I heard a voice of a girl and looked around to find it. When I turned back, I found a beautiful girl standing right behind me with her arrogant but lovely face and her hatred eyes stared at me suspiciously. She wore a simple shirt with a black skirt, but her beautiful face couldn’t be hidden. I spaced out for a moment and I questioned myself why a beautiful girl like her lived here.

“Hey, Sir? Are you listening to me?”

I was taken by surprise when I heard her voice again. I cleared my throat and explained to her why I was there. What she said later surprised me. She was the person that I had been looking for, the daughter of Mr. Pranata's old friend. Her name was Eva. When she asked what was my intention of visiting her family, I refused to answer until she showed me her house and her parents.

"Fine, I will take you to my house. But you may not meet my mom. She is rarely home. Follow me and watch your step." She led me to her house. I found out that the situation was getting worse. I had to pass and walk over a muddy ground with tons of garbage. The thing that made me felt like being watched all the time was people here that stood in a crowd and looked at me as I walked passing them. It made me felt uncomfortable.

"You have to tell your neighbor that I'm not going to extrude them."

"Those people are garbage. Ignore them."

From the conversation we had along the way to her house, I could say that she was a very mean and also ignorance girl. She never really cared about other people and the worst was she called her own neighbor 'garbage'. She really hated her neighbor and I didn't know why. We kept walking and finally arrived in an old rickety house with a clean yard and a big tree. So far, this house was the best house and the cleanest one here. Compared to the situation I faced before, I felt like burning outside because it was too hot and the place was so smelly. But here, because of this big tree I was recovered and took a second to just breathe and rest my feet by sitting on a small bench under the tree. A few minutes later Eva came to me and brought me a pack of tissue and a glass of water. I looked down at my shoes and realize it were really dirty and covered with mud. I grabbed the tissue and cleaned my shoes slowly until the dirt went away. I said thanks to her but she didn't answer.

"My family is the best here. We live in a better place compared to them." She said arrogantly. I nodded and said to her that I couldn't agree more. I stopped cleaning my shoes and drank the water.

"I wish I could meet your father because I have something to talk to him." I wasn't sure whether I talked to her casually or I begged for her permission. She's a cold-hearted, ignorance, and mean girl. I just didn't want to ruin the plan and got evicted from here. So I guessed I had to talk politely. She didn't say anything and once again she examined me suspiciously before she let me in. I walked slowly following her and the atmosphere changed quickly as I entered the house, it was very dark and dank. Even though they had a good yard, but the house was actually terrible because it was extremely smelly. I could hardly breathe and quickly grabbed my handkerchief to cover my nose. Even though the door was opened

the sun was unwilling to enter the house. I didn't even move my feet from where I stood and where was Eva?

"Excuse me, Eva? Where are you?" I whispered and hoped Eva would come to me instead of leaving me in the middle of darkness. Suddenly, I heard someone knocked on the door; I stepped backwards and realized that the door was actually behind me. I turned around to see if there was someone there, but I found no one. It was getting louder, I got panicked and scared. Was this house haunted? I really wanted to call Eva one more time but my voice was gone. Should I go back? I asked myself, but I had gone this far. I tried to take my first step slowly as the sound getting louder. When I got closer to it, I stepped on something and I fell on the ground.

"What are you doing?!" I heard Eva's voice shouted at me and suddenly a light came dazzling my eyes. It was Eva. She stood at the corner of the room trying to open a window. So it was her who made the knocking sound. I held my breath for a second trying to understand what just happened.

"A silly rich man, get scary over a knocking sound. Funny." She mocked me. I didn't really care even though I knew that my face showed what I felt. I stood up and picked something that made me fell. It was an empty bottle of medicine, but I wasn't really sure what it was. I just turned it around trying to read the label in the dark; the open window didn't seem really helpful.

"You can stand up as long as you want, but if you get tired we have a chair for you. I'm going to get my father." She walked away and disappeared as she entered a room. I still held the empty medicine bottle in my hand. Since I couldn't read it properly, I would just bring it with me and examine it later.

I looked around the house and realized that I didn't mind being here. I didn't cover my nose and I could breathe freely even though I still felt uncomfortable with the smell. I tried my best to ignore it and focused on my plan. My eyes stopped on a broken glass under a chair. I came close to it and I knew that it wasn't an ordinary glass. It was an expensive glass that was sold limitedly three years ago. How could someone like Eva's family have it? Why was it broken? I frowned and seriously thought about it. Well, I guess I had to bring it, too. I took one piece of it and wrapped it with my handkerchief.

I turned around and saw Eva hold an old man with many wounds in his body. His condition was very pathetic. So, he was Mr. Tirto. I couldn't speak even a word. His condition was beyond my expectation. I was dreadfully shocked. Now, the house looked even darker as Mr. Tirto showed himself.

“Hey, don’t waste our time. How long have you been standing like a fool and saying nothing? Come on, my father needs a rest.”

“Eva, calm down. I’m okay. Just leave us alone.”

Eva went outside and left me with Mr. Tirto alone. I cleared my throat before I started talking, but I guessed I couldn’t tell him the truth that Mr. Pranata had passed away and Hadian accused his family as the murderer. I just couldn’t do it. The best I could do was introducing myself as a friend of Mr. Pranata and told him that Mr. Pranata invited him to spend a night to his house. He looked very happy with a big smile on his face.

“It’s an honor to spend a night in my old friend’s house. So, he has been recovered, right?”

“Recovered?” I frowned.

“Yes, a few weeks ago he visited me and his lawyer found him fainted here. Eva went to the hospital to pay a call and said that he only suffered from anemia. It wasn’t a big deal, she said. I’m really glad to know that he is okay now.”

My eyes got widened as I heard it. It meant that Eva has already known the truth that Mr. Pranata had passed away but she acted like she didn’t know anything when I talked about him. I remembered saying to her that I was Mr. Pranata’s friend and I saw nothing was wrong with her reaction. She hid something, I knew it. This case was getting more interesting.

While Mr. Tirto and Eva preparing everything they needed to go to Mr. Pranata’s house I sent a text for Nathan:

Everything was beyond my expectation. I couldn’t tell them the truth.

I’ll take them to Mr. Pranata’s house, please explain everything without hurting them.

“Eva, do you happen to know a suitcase which Mr. Pranata brought here the other day?”

She didn’t answer and only stared at me with her hatred eyes. I took a long breathe and raised my eyebrows. I intended to ignore and avoid those hatred eyes. She came back a few minutes later with her father and she threw me a suitcase that I asked. So, it was true that she had it.

**

The first person I saw when we arrived at Mr. Pranata’s house was Nathan. He looked very excited with the arrival of our guest. He introduced himself and asked Mr. Tirto and Eva to come in.

“Where is my kind friend who invited me here?” Mr. Tirto’s voice was very soft. He really wanted to see his dear friend. I looked at Nathan and hoped he had read my message

and didn't say something that might hurt their feeling. I was very sure Eva could answer this question since she knew where Mr. Pranata was.

"Eva, what do you think?"

"I have no idea." Answered Eva calmly.

The situation became very awkward. She looked very innocent. I suggested to Nathan that it was better to let our guest take a rest before interrogating them, but he refused.

"Where is our room? My father needs a-"

Before she was able to finish her sentence, Hadian suddenly appeared from upstairs and he looked disgusted with the arrival of Eva and Mr. Tirta. I could see anger that was completely written on his face. He walked downstairs slowly while staring at Eva all the time. While Hadian tried his best to hold his anger, Eva looked very calm and I couldn't really tell what's on her mind.

"You!! Stop pissing me off! Your face disgusted me!" Hadian pointed his finger on Eva and he lost his temper at the end. "Nathan, Kris! What are you doing? Make it fast! Kian paid you to solve this case! I don't want to see these church mice littering this house! Send them to the jail!"

"Be careful with your words, Mister! You can shout at me, but not in front of my father!"

I tried to calm them down and I looked at Mr. Tirta's teary eyes. He looked very confused and uncomfortable with this situation. I asked him to sit down and told him that everything was okay. Deep in my heart, I didn't want this old man be involved in this case. His life was already miserable and I didn't want to bring him other miseries. But life was fair because it was unfair to anybody, right?

"The suitcase! Where is the suitcase?! Don't tell me that those brats stole it!"

"No, no, no. Calm yourself down. I have the suitcase with me." I gave him the suitcase and he opened it. I stood behind him with the curiosity in my head. I wondered what might be there until Hadian wanted it desperately. But then, I was shocked to find that it was empty. So was Hadian. His eyes got widened and he walked quickly towards Eva.

"You little brats! How dare you steal Mr. Pranata's money after you killed him?! Wasn't that enough for you? What do you want?!"

"Stealing? Killing? Do you really have rights to say it, Mister? You may look at us as a poor but we won't do such a horrible thing to get money! I didn't even know there was money inside the suitcase! I never open it!"

They kept shouting at each other and yet we weren't able to stop them, even Nathan. I turned around and saw the poor old man crying. His thin body shivered and the happiness he had before vanished.

"Could you please tell me what actually happened?" he begged to me with his trembling voice. What should I say?

"Your daughter will explain everything to you, Mister."

As Nathan said the words, the room became very silent. Everyone stared at each other. Eva came closer to her father and held his shivering hand. I've never seen Eva in such an expression before. She looked very sorrowful and guilty.

"I knew the truth, Dad. I knew that your friend had passed away, but I didn't tell you." She wiped her tears as she saw her father sobbed. "I paid a call to Mr. Pranata that day, when I arrived there Mr. Hadian told me that Mr. Pranata had passed away. I had no bravery to tell you, Dad. I didn't want to ruin your happiness after meeting your old friend, but now I know I've ruined it even worse. I'm so sorry, Dad."

What I saw in front of me was very dramatic. Should I trust them? I didn't know. I kept telling myself that they were actually a good people when suddenly Hadian shouted at them and called police to arrest Mr. Tirto. It happened out of the blue and we weren't able to control it.

"Please, no! My father is ill; you better take me instead of my father!! Please, don't do that!" Eva begged to Hadian, but he ignored what Eva said. She also begged to me and Nathan to stop him, but we couldn't do anything since we didn't have enough proof to show that her family wasn't guilty. Eva kept crying until the police came and arrested her father as the murderer of Mr. Pranata and accused him of stealing the money from the suitcase.

"Dad, I promise I will take you home. I promise." That's the last word I heard from Eva to her father.

I was sitting near the window when I saw Eva went out in hurry. She always went out at seven o'clock in the morning and went home at eight in the evening every single day. Even though she had been here for one week, I didn't have a chance to ask her where she went and what she did outside. She didn't talk too much since her father was arrested. In fact, Nathan and I needed her to be questioned about this case but we didn't happen to find the right time to do it. I even asked Kian to talk to her, but she ignored Kian. She might cry and beg to us when the police arrested her father, but actually her attitude didn't change at all.

I came back to my room and staring at an empty bottle that I found at Eva's house the other day. It was a medicine for those who suffered from chronic diabetes and I was so sure that it belonged to Mr. Tirto. Now I had figured out where the smell came from when I visited their house. It was from his wound. I hadn't told it to Nathan yet because he was very busy of observing Eva's family background, he thought that Eva's attitude was interesting while I had a different opinion: her attitude was totally annoying. The bottle was still in my hand; I turned it around many times and wondered why they left it on the floor instead of throwing it away. I slowly opened it and found out that there was white powder in it. I was startled because I thought the bottle was empty and it should contain pills, not white powder. I smelled it and it gave my nose unusual smell. It wasn't an ordinary powder. What was it?

"Nathan, you have to see this!" I was getting very excited when I met Nathan in the living room. Getting excited wasn't my thing, but the bottle, at least, would give us a clue. I explained everything to him and he smelled it carefully.

"You are right, it isn't a medicine. It smells like a...poison." Nathan said it thoughtfully. He rubbed his chin while staring seriously at it, he smelled it many times just to make himself sure of his own words. "I will take it to a laboratory to find out whether this is a poison or not. It may take a few days and I will be outside the town. I rely on you, Kris. Please do our job well; we don't want to waste our time. You know what you should do as a detective. Remember, trust no one." He left in hurry and left me standing like a fool. Was he serious? I just saw him here, inside the house, after a few days he went missing without telling me anything. And now he left again and didn't say exactly where he went. Where did he go actually? Did he just lose his focus on this case so that he could ask me to handle everything alone? Oh God! I sighed and grumbled, it was the thing I could only do when nobody was around. But then I was startled when I found out Eva was standing in the hallway and staring at me.

"You..you come back home early." That was the only words I could say. I was very embarrassed.

"Enough chit chat, Sir. I can help you."

"Pardon?"

"I am ready to be interrogated. I swear my family didn't kill Mr. Pranata and we also didn't steal the money inside the suitcase."

We sit on a chair in the back yard enjoying the environment and the fresh wind with two glasses of orange juice on the table. In front of me, a beautiful young lady sat gracefully

with her eyes staring at the blue sky. Everything was clearly told and explained by her, she remembered every detail better than Hadian. I was so relieved that she, at least, could open her heart to speak up about what had happened. She was actually a rich girl once, before her father business went bankruptcy. She admitted that her father was full of deceitfulness and he willed to do anything to make improvements on his career. But now, she made me sure that her father had regretted his actions in the past that made his family had to live under poverty now.

She also said that her father was really happy when his old friend visited him. Therefore, it was impossible for him to kill Mr. Pranata. He wasn't strong enough to do it. About the suitcase, after finding it at her house she kept it in a cupboard and never touched it again until I asked her to give it to me. All of the statement she gave was reasonable, but I had to be careful and of course I couldn't trust her easily. Then I remembered something.

"I found an expensive broken glass at your house. Does it have something to do with the death of Mr. Pranata?"

"I don't know. I found it broken when Mr. Pranata had left with his scumbag lawyer." She explained. "My mom got really mad at that day saying the glass was really expensive and we would never ever be able to buy it again. She left home and never came back."

"I was sorry to hear that. Where did you go when Mr. Pranata and his lawyer visited your house?"

"I was going to the market, working."

I nodded. So, it was her alibi. When Mr. Pranata fainted at her house, she was in the market. And Hadian, he said that he waited for Mr. Pranata outside the house. The only person left was Mr. Tirto who was inside the house with Mr. Pranata. Now, I understood why Hadian put his suspicion on Mr. Tirto and sent him to the jail instead of Eva, but it didn't mean he would be free from my accusation because he was also there. It didn't rule out the possibility that he might do something to Mr. Pranata while nobody was there. How about Mr. Tirto? What did he do inside the house when Mr. Pranata fainted? I needed to interrogate both of Hadian and Mr. Tirto, but I felt like something was still missing. What was it? I tried to ignore every question and focused on a young lady in front of me. I guessed it was a definitely right time to ask her where she went every morning and what she did.

"I have to go. I will answer it next time." That was what I've got from her. She refused to answer and I couldn't force her, I sighed and relaxed my mind for a while thinking of what I should do next.

I stared at the ceiling in my room, thinking of everything about the case and tried to connect it one to another. But the puzzle wasn't completed yet, I had to think harder. I remembered Nathan said that I should trust no one. I couldn't agree more, but I found it hard when I saw everyone acted perfectly to make me believed every single word they said. They really meant it. Maybe I should think in a different way.

In this case, I believed that everyone had their own alibi to make Nathan and I trusted them. But of course, they also had a good reason to kill Mr. Pranata and took advantages of his death. First, I would start with Kian. He was the only son of Mr. Pranata and the only one who would inherit all of Mr. Pranata's wealth. But, as long as Mr. Pranata still alive he couldn't enjoy the wealth freely and he had to work under his father's control. By all means, Mr. Pranata would give everything he wanted, except a freedom for his youth. Kian was a young man, but since he was a kid, his father already taught him about business and he had to study hard to accomplish his father's dream. It always repeated until Mr. Pranata passed away, yet Kian was a good boy with a good attitude. He never betrayed his father. Then, was it possible for him to kill his own father? Yes, it was, because nothing's impossible. He could find 1001 ways to kill his father.

Second, I had Mr. Pranata's trustworthy lawyer, Hadian. He was the one who accompanied Mr. Pranata on the day he died. He had been working for Mr. Pranata for eight years, no wonder why he was the one who looked very shock and angry when Mr. Pranata passed away. He had no relation more than a lawyer to Mr. Pranata but he was completely mad. Even Kian, Mr. Pranata's son could face it calmly and accused no one. I just realized that actually his reaction was unnatural. He tricked me and it was really perfect; even I needed time to realize it. But, when I recalled again, the way he mad at Mr. Tirto and Eva was natural. Was there a reason behind his madness? There must be something between them that I should figure out. He also claimed that he didn't really know Mr. Pranata's intention in visiting his old friend, yet he really mad about the suitcase. If he didn't know, how did he figure out what was inside it? He might want 'that something' inside. So he planned to kill Mr. Pranata to get it and pretended that he was innocent by blaming somebody else.

The last were Eva and Mr. Tirto, they lived under poverty. If Hadian was right that the suitcase had money inside it, I was sure they really needed it especially Eva. The medication for his father was really expensive; I could conclude it from the medicine I found the other day. They wouldn't be able to afford it unless they got much money. Perhaps, Eva had no money anymore and planned to steal the suitcase from Mr. Pranata because she knew everything inside there was valuable. However, Mr. Pranata noticed it and she poisoned him

and left the house. So, she could say to me that she wasn't there when Mr. Pranata fainted and she took the suitcase when they left their house. Make sense.

I jot down every possible thing in my notebook. I planned to show and discuss it with Nathan when he was back later. Unfortunately, I wasn't sure when he would come back. I guessed I needed to interrogate Hadian one more time and meet Mr. Tirto in the jail. I Just want to make sure what actually happened at that day and what Mr. Pranata's intention of visiting him. He's the only one who knew the truth, I guessed. I procrastinated and thought what I should do next. It's still 3 p.m and everyone was out. Then, something popped out in my mind, a brilliant idea.

I went outside and stared at a room beside mine which was belonged to someone important in this house. From the first time I arrived here, I really wanted to enter the room. I knew it was impolite to enter it without permission, but who cares? It was a part of my job. I cleared my throat and tried to open the door. It was locked, no problem. I had a tool to open it. Before entering the room, I made sure that there was really no one in the house. So here I am inside the room. It was really big and steady with a purple curtain covering a big window. A big desk with tons of paper on it grabbed my attention. I read them and found that nothing was important. I opened the drawer and found something unusual in it. An old photo of him with a woman, I never knew that he ever got married before. He never talked about it. I thought I've seen her once, but where? I needed to find out as soon as possible. I closed the door and left the room.

The next morning, I woke up with disaster. I was shocked to hear Hadian and Eva shouted at each other on the downstairs. What the hell was happening in this fine morning? I walked in hurry and saw Nathan standing in peace looking at them fighting. He has come back.

"What are you doing? It's not a thing that you should watch. Stop them!"

"Just let them be, it's not our business."

I didn't understand what's on his mind, but I chose not to give a comment.

"I have many things to talk to you."

"So do I. Let's talk after everyone is leaving. Meet me in my room."

After taking a bath I prepared everything to be reported and discussed with Nathan. I really hoped that my hard work would be worth and help us solving the case which was getting complicated and harder day by day. I had collected all of the proofs and also their alibis. I had interrogated all of them except Mr. Tirto. But I couldn't make any conclusion yet

because I felt like something was still missing. Even though all of them seemed suspicious, I just couldn't choose one of them to be a right suspect. What did I miss? I hoped Nathan had answers for my questions.

I entered his room but I didn't find him. His room was messy as hell with papers of deduction everywhere, I tried to read it but I couldn't. I walked around his room and found photos of Eva on his table. I was shocked. How did he get them? I saw it one by one but I didn't understand, it meant something. He should explain everything to me.

"Ah, here you are." He appeared out of nowhere and stood behind me with an innocent face. "Sit down, relax. Is it me or you who should talk first?" I could see his face grinning as if he was about to bet his trump card.

"Perhaps I should talk first since I didn't know what you were doing outside there and I wasn't sure you still have your focus on this case." He nodded and I started to talk about my conversation with Eva the other day. He listened to me carefully and sometimes he rolled his eyeballs and frowned. When I talked about the broken glass, his eyes got widened.

"You know Eva better than me," Nathan said spontaneously. "You met her first than me; you had visited her house, too. Didn't you notice something?"

"What do you mean?"

"When you visited her, what kind of drink did she give to you? Did she let you use her expensive glasses?"

"A glass of water, but she poured it into an ordinary glass. She wouldn't let me use the expensive glass, though. It had already broken."

"You are absolutely wrong. You should do more observation before making a conclusion. Her family had a set of those expensive glasses placed in a cupboard. It only used for a special guest." He stood up and walked towards the table where I found Eva's photos before, I really wanted to ask about it but it's better to hold it and let him explain later. "Here." He gave me a photo of the glasses in the cupboard. Correct. It was the cupboard I saw at Eva's house before but I didn't have any initiatives to observe it. I was a fool.

"You should notice that Eva was an ignorance girl. She only knew that if she had guests, she had to make them drinks, but she wouldn't ever think of using those expensive glasses."

I still tried to understand what he said. It was true and made sense. But what was his point?

"It was her mother. Her mother was there when Mr. Pranata and Hadian came. She made them drinks."

His words killed me. I couldn't say anything but cursing myself who was very fool and had lack of questions to Eva. I respected Eva's feeling too much and it made me restrained every question that I should ask her. So he went outside to investigate other things that couldn't be investigated in this house. He worked really hard. And I just failed. I didn't have any bravery left to talk and only gave him my notebook with my deductions in it. He read it and nodded. He said that everything was possible and made sense, but still we had to be careful in making decision.

"I've collected all the truth. All we have to do is to connect it one to another. I will tell you everything I've done to help us solving this case." He took a deep breath. "Let me show you the pieces of the puzzle and let's figure out what we can do with those."

Nathan and I were enjoying our coffee in the living room and we laughed freely after facing this complicated case. Of course, there were some other things that we should do, but we still waited for a right time. Our talks the other day gave us a good result and we figured out everything except for one thing that Nathan refused to answer. He wanted me to figure it out myself as my last investigation. I couldn't refuse it. A few minutes later, I saw Eva walked passing us by without saying any words. Her face was really pale and she looked very messy. Those hatred eyes turned into anger with terrible dark circles. I sighed and glanced at Nathan, but he gave me a signal to keep my mouth shut.

"May I join?"

I heard a gentle voice came from upstairs. It's Kian. He sat with us calmly but I saw his worried face. I wonder if something bothered him.

"I thought that there is something wrong with Eva. She looked very suspicious. I don't want to say this, but I saw it with my own eyes." He stared at us sharply, yet I didn't understand what he meant by saying it. "Last night, no, every night I saw her walking outside to meet a woman and I had no idea who she was. I started to think about Hadian suspicion on them, because you know, Eva looked very mysterious. She went outside every day and we didn't even know what she did out there. I didn't want to believe what Hadian's words easily, but what Eva does all the time bothered me."

I was spacing out for a moment thinking of his words. But Nathan, he responded it quickly by saying that we would investigate it so Kian didn't have to worry.

"You know, this is what I mean by your last investigation," said Nathan when Kian had left to work. I stared at him saying nothing. Perhaps, my last investigation would give me

the missing piece of puzzle that I had been looking for and it would make everything complete.

I had filled myself with caffeine to keep myself awake on this long night. I wanted to know if Kian told the truth about Eva. There must be something between Eva and that woman so that she hid it perfectly. I wondered if this wouldn't be my last investigation and it would give me another puzzle to complete. I felt satisfied but I guessed we didn't have time left for it. Well, I wouldn't find the answer unless I faced it.

Tonight, I stayed in a room near the backyard. Kian told us that Eva went out and met the woman through the back yard gate. I kept the lights off so that Eva would think that this room was still empty. I've been waiting for about two hours and didn't see Eva at all. I almost closed my eyes because I got tired of waiting when suddenly a light came through the curtain. I surprised and walked towards the window immediately. I saw a car parked near the back yard gate. I didn't know whose car it was but then a woman came out from the car and played with her cell phone. Her face looked very familiar, I recalled it slowly and I was shocked when I figured out she was the woman I saw in the photo the other day! What was her relationship with Eva? I couldn't believe my own eyes, now I looked at her sharply and watched her steps carefully.

A moment later, Eva approached her. I almost couldn't hear her footsteps, she walked like a ghost. I listened to their conversation carefully, thanks to this silent night so I could listen to them. They argued and the woman seemed to force Eva to do something. Eva refused and almost shouted but she held it. Some of their conversations got me a goosebump and it made me understand what had happened all this time. And her last words had completed my puzzle. I really appreciated Nathan's decision to let me figure out the identity of the mysterious woman on the photograph. He perfectly planned it.

Today was the day. It took us two weeks for approaching our special guest, luckily everything went well according to the plan. Nathan and I asked all of the people in this house to gather in the living room at 8 o'clock. I had been waiting for this moment to come! And I was glad that we could solve it in time.

Everyone had gathered and Nathan got himself ready for spelling out the truth. By all means, we didn't tell everyone that we were going to reveal the murderer of Mr. Pranata. We were afraid that perhaps, some of them made an excuse to not join this important moment and the worst they might look for an escape. I hold my note book where I wrote all the possible reasons to kill Mr. Pranata the other day. I was ready to tell it out loud.

“Now that everyone has gathered here, I want to tell you something important. But first let me say thank you to all of you for your participation on helping us solving this murder case.” Nathan eyes were full with confidence and he stared at everyone in the room with a meaningful smile on his face. I could see Kian, Hadian, and Eva looked at Nathan with confusions. They might not understand what was going on right now, but they decided to shut their mouth and let Nathan continued his words.

“As we know that the death of Mr. Pranata brought a disaster to everyone. Kian and Hadian looked extremely sad because they lost someone important in their life. But Eva, she had to lose her father because he accused of killing Mr. Pranata. After all this time, I wondered if Eva’s family is the right one who has to be responsible for Mr. Pranata’s death. Kian and Hadian, what do you think?”

Kian raised his eyebrows and shook his head saying that he didn’t know. He couldn’t decide, but somehow from his face I was so sure he started to believe Eva’s family was the suspect because he thought that Eva’s behavior was suspicious all this time like he said before to us. Meanwhile, Hadian still persisted with his accusation towards Eva. His mind didn’t change even a little. Eva, who sat next to me looked at Hadian with her hatred eyes. The situation was getting awkward but I believed Nathan would be able to handle it.

“I gather all of you here for an important reason. Kris and I have figured out the truth about Mr. Pranata’s death. What I will say here is based on the proof that we have found, so please listen carefully.” Nathan’s face was really serious and I could see that everyone in the room suddenly became very nervous. Nathan asked for my notebook. So, he would be the one who would explain it. He explained it carefully and said that actually everyone had their own reason to kill Mr. Pranata, just like what I wrote on it. After he finished reading the deduction in my notebook, everyone in the room didn’t give any comments and they let Nathan explained everything. Nathan cleared his throat before he started talking again. And now was the time for revealing the truth.

“Mr. Pranata was found fainted at Mr. Tirto’s house one month ago, unfortunately when Hadian brought him to the hospital the doctor said that he couldn’t save Mr. Pranata and he died. Yet, his death was fulfilled with confusions because the doctor said that Mr. Pranata didn’t have any disease or in other words he was completely healthy. Then, what was exactly happened to him? Even before the autopsy was done, Hadian had concluded that Mr. Tirto killed Mr. Pranata. Am I right?”

“Yes, poor people will do anything to get everything they want,” said Hadian with confidence.

“And then the autopsy result showed us that Mr. Pranata died because of poison called strychnine. It made everyone believe that Mr. Pranata was murdered, but why it must be Mr. Tirto’s family that had to be responsible? The answer is because Mr. Pranata died after visiting him. Then, I asked Kris to visit Mr. Tirto’s family and brought them here to make our investigation easier. When they arrived here, I was a little bit surprise because Mr. Tirto didn’t know that his friend has died. But then, I knew that his beloved daughter, Eva knew the truth and I asked her to tell her father. I could show sadness on his face but then Hadian distracted me with a suitcase that Mr. Pranata left at Mr. Tirto’s house. Hadian claimed that the suitcase had money in it, but after he opened it he was shocked because it was empty. He suddenly called the police and sent Mr. Tirto to the jail for killing Mr. Pranata and stealing the money inside the suitcase. However, until now we don’t even know whether the Mr. Tirto is guilty or not.

“When Kris visited Mr. Tirto’s house, I went to the hospital where Mr. Pranata took his autopsy. I found out that actually strychnine took hours to take effect on human body. Then, I tried to think at that time. Did Mr. Pranata get poisoned at Mr. Tirto’s house or maybe somewhere else? I couldn’t make a conclusion yet, so I decided to do more investigation. A few days later, Kris told me that he found something at Mr. Tirto’s house. Here it is.” He took a bottle of medicine I found the other day and placed it on the table. “Is it yours, Eva?”

“Yes, it belongs to my father. But I have thrown the bottle away because the pillshave run out and I couldn’t afford it anymore. So, I bought a cheaper medicine.”

“But Kris found it at your house, Eva.”

“When?” She stared at me sharply.

“The other day when I visited your house.”

“Impossible. I have thrown it away. But why is it so important, Sir? I have answered that it belongs to my father.”

“Because the bottle has strychnine inside and it was there at your house.”

Eva’s face turned pale just in seconds. She covered her face and I could see her body shivered. Kian looked at her in disbelief; he rubbed his hands many times and laid his body to the sofa. I knew he still tried to understand Nathan’s words, he might think that Eva was suspicious but I was sure he didn’t think that nor Mr. Tirto or Eva was the killer. Meanwhile, I could see Hadian’s satisfaction smiled and his face showed that he had the victory on his hands.

“See? I was right! Your family is killer, Eva. Now, you have no reason to deny! The jail is a right place for your father. You have to thank me because I didn’t send you to the jail too.”

“Shut up, Sir! We never did that thing! I don’t even know where the poison comes from until today they said that they found it at my house! The poison isn’t mine!” Eva’s voice shivered, her eyes were red. She looked strong yet desperate at the same time.

Hadian, with his victory face smirked and looked at Eva disgustedly, “Look at you now, a poor little girl. Trying to deny everything and defend your beloved father, but you have to see the truth! Your family is guilty and you have to pay it!”

“I don’t want to! We are clean! We never do such a crime thing!” Eva shouted at Hadian and it made Hadian mad. His face turned red and his hand was ready to punch Eva.

“Listen, everybody! I never said that the poison belongs to Eva or Mr. Tirto. I only said that Kris found it at Mr. Tirto’s house, but it didn’t mean that it is theirs,” Nathan added.

“Sir, please believe me that it isn’t mine or my father’s. From the beginning we didn’t have any intentions or even a reason to kill Mr. Pranata. I met him only once and I never knew that he would visit us.”

“Stop saying bullshit! You have million reasons to defend your family!”

They started fighting again, Nathan didn’t say any words and neither did I. But it seemed Kian understood that actually the time belonged to Nathan and I so he tried to stop them. When Hadian and Eva had calmed down, Nathan continued his explanation.

“At first, I thought that I have found the murderer and it was Mr. Tirto because they had the poison at their house. But then, I realized that making a conclusion wasn’t that simple. I remembered the doctor said that strychnine took hours to take effect and killed a human. Therefore, I decided to visit Mr. Tirto in the jail and asked him about Mr. Pranata’s attitude during his visitation at his house. He told me that Mr. Pranata was fine at the beginning, but suddenly his face showed that he was in a great pain and saying that his back bone was really hurt. From what Mr. Tirto said, I could conclude that Mr. Pranata was poisoned before he went to Mr. Tirto’s house. Kris also found a broken glass there and I thought that Mr. Tirto or Eva put the poison into his drink, but I was wrong. I came to their house when nobody was around and picked a piece of broken glass with a cull of tea in it. I brought it to a laboratory and asked a friend of mine to examine it and the result was it didn’t contain any poisons. It was an ordinary tea. So, I guess I will ask for more detail to Kian and Mr. Hadian.”

Suddenly, the room was getting very cold. I could feel it. All of people in the room seemed like they held their breath. They were too afraid to face the truth that slowly revealed.

Even though Eva was very relieved because at least, Nathan and I knew that the poison didn't belong to her or her father, her face was still showing insecurity.. She realized that other accusations might come to her family, she couldn't be happy yet. Meanwhile, Kian and Hadian were very confused after listening to Nathan's explanation. I wonder when one of them would open their mouth and talked. What I could hear now was only the clock that tickled.

"I am sorry, but if what you said before is the truth there's one thing that still bothers me." Kian finally broke the silence.

"What is it?" Nathan responded quickly.

"It is about Eva," Nathan said as he gently stared at Eva. "It is like what I said the other day, Sir. About what Eva does all this time. She goes out every day and we don't even know where she goes. She might do something outside there to defend her family in shifty ways and make you believe that her family isn't guilty. I am sorry to say this, Eva."

Eva didn't say anything, her mouth seemed like she wanted to say something but she couldn't. All she could do was staring at Kian with her hatred eyes. Meanwhile, Nathan smiled meaningfully and took a brown thick envelope from his bag. Inside the envelope, I could see Eva's photo that I have seen the other day. He placed it on the table. Kian took the pictures and looked at them seriously and Eva looked very surprised. She was being followed all this time and she didn't realize it.

"I understand that everyone in this room has a same question as mine. Where does Eva go every day? I have the answer and I hope it will make you satisfied. You are right, Kian. Eva is trying so hard to defend her family, but in a positive way. On the morning where she leaves home she goes to work in the market near her house like she used to do before I even meet her. At 11, she went to her college and after that she works on a small course to teach some children and of course, for money. You can look clearly at the photos I gave you. Those are the proofs."

"Go to college? How does she pay it? Working in the market and teaching children in a small course won't be enough." Kian frowned.

"Nice question, Kian. Actually she got scholarship and started her study 3 years ago, but because Mr. Tirto's condition was getting worse she decided to take a leave and focused on her father and it means she had to take a risk and lost her scholarship. When her father was in jailed, she chose to come back to study and get her law degree. The purpose is of course, she wants to be lawyer and defend her father. She works very hard every day. She also wills

to take the risk as long as she can get her father out from the jail. Of course, it will take a long time since she doesn't have enough money to pay her graduation."

Eva bowed her head and stared at her knee. She didn't deny the fact which Nathan had said. Kian, with his gently voice said sorry to Eva because he thought Eva would do something shifty out there. Eva didn't answer, but I knew that she was very relieved. Meanwhile, Hadian's face didn't show anything at all. When everyone seemed calm, Kian, suddenly asked a surprising question.

"I beg your pardon, Sir. I know you have rights to have suspicion on me and Hadian, I am sure you have observed the background of Eva's family, but does Eva have a mother? I just want to know where she is when everything happen, you never mention her before."

Brilliant! Kian was really smart and had a sharp mind. He really wanted to know the information in detail without missing even a small part of it. Nathan didn't answer it quickly like he did before. He let everyone thought about 'the missing woman' by themselves. A few minutes later he looked at me and gave me a signal to bet our trump card. I really wanted to see their expression after seeing our treasure. I took a deep breath and slowly placed a piece of photo on the table, but I flipped it so they couldn't see anything but a plain white paper. Hadian asked me what it was impatiently. I didn't answer him and let Nathan explained again. He asked someone to kindly open the photo for us before talking further. At first, there was no one that wanted to open it, but at the end, Hadian murmured and his face showed that he couldn't wait any longer for us to finish this case so that he volunteered to open the photo. When he saw it his face turned pale with his mouth widely opened.

"What is it, Hadian? You look surprised." Nathan asked him calmly while drinking his tea. Meanwhile, Kian and Eva couldn't even say a word because they couldn't see the photo clearly. Suddenly, Eva with her curiosity stood up and grabbed the photo from Hadian. What she did next was beyond my expectation, she slapped Hadian on his cheek and yelled, "What are you doing with my mother?!!! You bastard! You take my father from me and you want to take my mother too?!! What do you want?!! Stop disturbing my family!!!!" Her voice was hoarse and her eyes were really red, she couldn't control her anger anymore and let herself drown into her own emotion.

Hadian, he tried so hard controlling himself, but he couldn't. He stood up and pointed his finger on Eva face, "Shut up!! I have no intention to take your father and your mother from you!! They deserve it!! One thing that you should have in your mind, it was your mother who left me! Now I just want to have her back because she is mine!! And your father, he has to pay the price for what he did to me in the past!"

They argued and Kian tried to stop them. Nathan calmly said to Eva whose face was full of confusions after she heard what Hadian just said to sit down and let Hadian explained the photo. It was the photo of Hadian and Eva's mother. Now, I really wanted to hear Hadian's confession.

"It's not like what you think. My relationship with her has nothing to do with Mr. Pranata's death. And of course, I never take her away from you." He pointed at Eva. "I married to her a long time ago. We loved each other until someday she met Tirto and decided to leave me. I have to admit that at that time my job as a lawyer was unsteady because I am not one of those lawyers who are popular here and she was always afraid of having no money. I kept telling to her that I would try to fulfill her needs but she didn't listen to me and married to Tirto because he was very rich! But now, as you can see he wasn't rich anymore and I try to save her life because I don't want to see her suffers! She was mine after all! Now, you have to understand, little brat! Your father deserves it! He took my happiness away and I'll do the same! A brat like you could never think how much I suffered when she was gone from my life! Your father deserves nothing but dying in a tiny cold cell, suffered more and more than I had all this time!"

No one in the room said something after listening to Hadian explanation, but suddenly Nathan clapped his hands two times and I could see someone coming through the door. A beautiful woman appeared, everyone in the room staring at her with a surprise look especially Hadian and Eva. She was the woman I saw with Eva the other day, in other words, she was Eva's mother.

"Your game is over, Hadian!" She shouted at Hadian.

Nathan calmly asked her to take a seat and relax herself. He stared at Hadian who seemed very uncomfortable with the appearance of his lover. "Hadian, now you can tell us what you have done to Mr. Pranata."

"What should I say? I did nothing to him! My relationship with her has nothing to do with him!" He forced himself to stay calm.

"Okay, if you don't want to admit, I will do it for you." Nathan cleared his throat. "So, everyone, this is the truth that you have been waiting for. Hadian is Mr. Pranata's trustworthy lawyer until he found out that Mr. Pranata was going to help his enemy, Mr. Tirto. He tried so hard to interfere it but he failed and the day suddenly came. Mr. Pranata wanted to visit Mr. Tirto who had taken her wife from his life. He realized if Mr. Pranata helps Mr. Tirto with the money inside the suitcase, he would fail to take his ex-wife back. So, his confession that told

us that he didn't know what Mr. Pranata's intention of visiting Mr. Tirto was totally a lie. Am I right?"

Hadian didn't answer and only throw a smile to Nathan as if he mocked Nathan. He gave Nathan signal to continue his 'nonsense'.

"The night before they visited Mr. Tirto, Hadian had a brilliant plan. The only way to stop Mr. Pranata was to kill him so that he could stop him and steal the money inside the suitcase, became rich again, and took his ex-wife back. The next morning, he put the poison in Mr. Pranata's drink and pretended that everything was okay. He accompanied Mr. Pranata there and met his wife, in other words, Eva's mother. He asked her to come back but she refused, then he threatened her by saying if she didn't want to leave Mr. Tirto he would make Eva suffered. She ignored him, but Hadian, of course he took a serious action. He accused Mr. Tirto and Eva as the murderer of Mr. Pranata and he acted like he was innocent. Meanwhile, Eva's mother was in crisis, she hid somewhere, but Hadian kept threatening her until she decided to involve in Hadian's game. They started doing everything to make us believe that Mr. Tirto and Eva were guilty.

When we arrived here, we almost hit a woman who was running in hurry. She was Eva's mother. At that moment, Hadian asked her to bring him the money in the suitcase that was left intentionally at Mr. Tirto's house. By all means, the intention was to accuse Mr. Tirto and Eva that they stole the money. It went well. Eva's mother asked him some of the money to make a living and he gave her. I have to admit that Hadian is really smart! To make his accusation stronger, he asked Eva's mother to fill the empty bottle of Mr. Tirto's medicine with the poison and put it somewhere in the house. Since Eva was so ignorance, she wouldn't care if it placed there. And of course, once again it went well. Kris found it when he went there and I brought it to laboratory to be examined. But maybe you want to know how I found out that the poison didn't belong to Mr. Tirto and Eva even though I found it there. I will kindly explain it. Friend of mine lived near Mr. Tirto's house and I asked him to take a look at it before I went there and luckily he took a photograph of Eva's mother when she put the poison. That's the reason why she is here right now. I told her if she didn't want to come with me as a witnesses, I would consider her as the suspect, too.

And Kian, she is the woman who was with Eva every night. I had noticed it from the start but I let someone here suspected it first. I let Kris observed it and he was very happy to hear Eva's mother's words to Eva that completed his puzzle, 'Eva, please come with me before those men do something worse to us!' Something that Eva understood about the words 'those men' was me and Kris because so far we didn't seem to help her. Eva was never afraid

of Hadian because she was so sure that she could beat him in the court. But now, I guess you don't have to do it, Eva, because the truth has been revealed. Everyone, now that everything is clear what you will do next is your choice, Kian."

For the first time in forever, I saw Kian's face turned red. He was about to mad but he chose to hold it. And Hadian, a man that used to be a hero in this case didn't even move his body and shut his mouth up.

"Now you have to learn something, Mister. The poor people like us are better than you. We will never do something like that to get something that doesn't belong to us." Eva smiled and hugged her mother.

The case was finally closed and we were ready to leave Kian's house. He said thank you for us million times and Eva, her attitude changed. She became a lovely girl with a bright smile on her face, but still her words were as sharp as a knife. We said goodbye and drove our car.

"Where will we go now?"

"I don't have any idea. Maybe we should go holiday again, anyway we still have three days left."

Holiday? Yes, that's what I want! I would enjoy my holiday this time and promise myself that nothing would be able to interfere it! I always go on holiday with Nathan. Now, I made myself sure, next time I would have a woman by my side. A woman like Eva. Nathan was right, she was interesting.

I took a glance for one more time and I saw Eva was grinning as she waved her hands, while Mr. Tirto and his wife smiled at her back. I should come here again next time, not as a detective, but as a friend.

Reflective Paper

Introduction

As an Indonesian, there are many things that actually are uncomfortable and I am able to spend a long time just for thinking about those stuffs. It occurred to me that actually this world is unfair, that makes me anxious. The one that makes me anxious is poverty, because poverty is a thing that everyone could see in their daily life, including in my own experience. To think about poverty, it also comes up with another topic which is education and wickedness. So in my opinion, it cannot be denied that poverty is related education level and wickedness. As we see through the media, such as newspaper, television, internet, etc. that the culprit of crime tend to be someone who live under poverty. Therefore, I thought that I have to write something that related to poverty and crime. I love the word 'crime' because when it comes to 'crime' a murder case appears in my mind. The reason I tend to have this behavior is because my favorite genre of book is a book that contains mystery and thriller aspect in it. For example, there are the books written by Agatha Christie and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (Sherlock Holmes). Those books that I have read are my source of inspiration in writing this story. In the process of writing, I adapted their great ideas and modified it with my own style. Based on the experience in Indonesia with Agatha Christie and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as my inspiration for this story, I think this is the right time to become great like them.

My story is also based on little things that I acquired from my surrounding, and one of them is based on someone who always think that the poor is always bad. The purpose of this story is to show that not all of the poor is bad and evil. The stereotype is very distracting in my mind and I really want to help them in opening their mind so that they will not always think negatively over the poor. To conclude my introduction, I think that each human has different personality, so it means that we cannot stereotype them based on their economic background and we should not think that all of them are the same.

The Struggle

During on the observation related to the story that I have written, I mostly spent the time by watching movies, news, and reading books based on the same topic for my story which was crime that mostly done by the poor that tend to have a low educational background. First, I started from the easiest way by watching some news on the TV and reading newspaper about some crime acts that happened in Indonesia. Based on the fact, it actually did not surprise me. Crime acts that had done mostly by the poor are still a common thing in Indonesia and I did not know what act that I should take to prevent, overcome, or solve it. Therefore, it made the curiosity filled out my mind and I decided to observe it deeper.

I love reading books and by reading, I am able to do everything that I need to do all in one go. I always acquire new knowledge, information, and at the same time I am also able to observe deeper regarding my main topic from the book that I read. Back to my main topic which is crime acts that is done mostly by the poor, the first book that I have read was Agatha Christie's novel entitled *After the Funeral*. The story told me about a murder case which was done by a poor old lady, later I found out that she had a low educational background because she was too poor to get education and she could only work as a servant. Other books that I have read also had the same topic. I would not had gotten any inspiration if I didn't read books about detective and crime. They are still influencing me even after I wrote this story about Detective Nathan. Therefore, it could be said that my story is almost similar with Agatha Christie's Poirot series. So, basically those books had successfully enriched my knowledge and given me lots of idea to in writing my story.

I thought that looking for ideas was the hardest thing to do but I found out that I was totally wrong. I tried to pour all of my ideas and arrange it beautifully in a form of story, but then after consulting it with my supervisor, I realized that I had made many mistakes and it was hard to revise it because I already arranged it. The hardest thing is of course, writing the story itself. The first time I collected my story, I wrote about 10 pages and because I was too enthusiastic, I didn't care about the structure, the length, and the flow of my story at all. Since then, now I know that it was a grave mistake. My supervisor told me to revise my story until she felt exhausted because in every week I made the same mistake over and over again. I tried my best to revise it but then I realized that I had not make any progress at all. Honestly, I felt like I lost all of my spirit and I wanted to stop writing. However, I knew that something inside me would not let me gave up so easily. So, I decided to write the story from the start and I was so grateful because my hard work had been paid off. My supervisor said that it was

better than before even though she had a hard and confusing time to correct it since it was different from the previous one. She used to give me her harsh critics, yet I learned from it and I ended up making my story even more interesting for the readers. From that point, I realized that critics should not be feared, yet it is supposed to be studied and then applied so I accepted her critics and then apply it in my story.

The day when I had to meet my supervisor to consult my story was the day that I expected to come faster. Sometimes, when I wrote the story I had so many ideas inside my head but then I had difficulty in pouring it into words. However, things turned out to be good when I met my supervisor. I didn't know whether she realized it or not, but every suggestion she gave to me had successfully opened up my mind and lead me to think of other great ideas. Week by week, the consultation became even more interesting because I didn't have to worry if I lacked of ideas or I didn't know what I had to write in order to finish my story since I got a lot of advices and comments to enrich my ideas and writing skills. I felt that I have made improvement from the beginning until finally I was able to finish my story. Honestly, I used to think that writing a story was easy I thought that all I have to do is just writing. However, I think that writing isn't just about writing something, now.

In order to be a good writer and satisfy the readers with your story, you must have enough skill to do it. Before I have come this far, I thought that I had enough skill to be a writer, but I was mistaken. I still need to learn deeper until now and I should not stop learning since it is not easy to learn and understand it. It was not easy to accept the fact that to think that my story was good but when someone finally got to read it and told you that it sucked, I realized that I had been a fool all this time. It was not easy to learn from the mistake which I thought I was doing it right after all this time.

Then it came to the hardest part which was restarting something from zero. Even so, from those bitter experiences that I had felt in the end, I was really thankful because I would not have been able to finish my story without experiencing those failures. I am ready to face the next obstacles and I have become stronger than yesterday. There is a nice quote from my experience, "Without failure, you will never understand the true meaning of hard work and success." In short, I tried to mix the result from all of my experiences, advice, and critics upon the story itself.

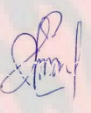

Conclusion

I experienced many things in the process of the writing and most of it is failure but since it brought me positive effects, I think I don't have to worry about the bad things that may happen to me in the future. Failures make me stronger and it makes me think that failures could be fixed through many priceless efforts. I can say that my journey on writing this story is a fruitful one. I have learnt many valuable experiences through hard work. Mistakes that I have made so far make me realize that story is not built overnight. It is like Rome, it is not built overnight yet Rome has many roads that lead to it. In my opinion based on the experience, I have learnt that a good story needs ups and downs on its progress yet it has a lot of ways to write in every of its paragraph.

At the end of this reflective paper, I will say thank you for my supervisor's guidance and the experience this journey gave me. I am really grateful with ups and downs from my journey. I take all of the valuable experience and I will try to learn from my mistakes rather than mourn on it all the time.

characters and do

Name : Sri Badryth Desy Amalia
 Student Number : 392013047
 Project Title : The Murder in the Hovel

Date	Activities	Progress	Problem	Advisor's Suggestion	Advisor's Signature	Student's Signature
January, 25 2017	-Make a list of characters and do surfing on web related to human behavior -Trying so hard to make the characters as few as possible -Make the story outline -CV Character and Story Outline Consultation	-I have collected my CV Character and the Story outline, but my supervisor told me that the real purpose of making a CV Character is for knowing the background story of the characters that may affect their behavior. It means I have to think about it more carefully and do research again. Besides I do some mistakes in my story outline and I have to fix it.	-It is difficult to define a characterization of the characters to fit based on a character's past, try to read some books about human psychology. behavior and attitude in the story, therefore I should do more research. -I am not good at creating an outline. No matter what outline will it be. It is	-If you are confuse about the characterization based on a character's past, try to read some books about human psychology.		

Name : Siti Badriyah Desy Amalia
 Student Number : 392013047
 Project Title : The Murder in the Hovel

better for me to just write the story without the outline, because for me it is very confusing. I spend much of my time focusing on my outline, yet the idea stuck inside my head.

February, 1 2017	-Reading Adel's Book 'Creative Writing' to learn more about characterization -Asking friend of mine who studies in a Faculty of Law about witnessing in the court -Revising CV Character and Story Outline -Consultation	-After the consultation is done, the CV Character and Story Outline are approved and I could begin writing the story.	-The problem is still on creating the background story, but I try so hard to think it slowly and my hard work isn't betrayed me. My CV Character and the Story Outline is accepted! I can't stand waiting an outline honestly.
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				better for me to just write the story without the outline, because for me it is very confusing. I spend much of my time focusing on my outline, yet the idea stuck inside my head.
February, 2017	1	-Reading Adele Ramlet's Book 'Creative Writing' to learn more about characterization -Asking friend of mine who studies in a Faculty of Law about witnessing in the court -Revising CV Character and Story Outline -Consultation	-After the consultation is done, the CV Character and Story Outline are approved and I could begin writing the story.	-The problem is still on creating the background story, but I try so hard to think it slowly and my hard work isn't betrayed me. My CV Character and the Story Outline is accepted! I can't stand writing an outline honestly.

(I found on writing a

Name : Siti Badriyah Desy Amalia
 Student Number : 295013047
 Project Title : The Murder in the Hovel

<p>February, 15 2017</p> <p>-I revise the story</p> <p>-I open some websites on the Internet and learn how to write a story by "showing" it instead of "describing". I also learn the difference, because the major mistakes I made are I wrote the story by describing it, not by telling it.</p> <p>-I read Sidney Sheldon's novel "The Naked Face" to learn how to show something instead of describe it in detective stories.</p> <p>-I slowly revise the story while opening the</p>	<p>fantasy story).</p> <p>-When I write the story, I still find it hard to define my own writing, whether it is showing or describing the story by</p> <p>-I tried to read an article on the internet about showing and describing a story. But, it still hard to understand and I think I need someone to explain it.</p> <p>-Applying the characterization into the story is not as easy as I think it will be.</p> <p>-Learn from one of my friend, because she is good at narrating the story (or good at writing showing it)</p>
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Name : Siti Badriyah Desy Amalia
 Student Number : 392013047
 Project Title : The Murder in the Hovel

	CV Character to make sure that I won't make a mistake anymore by mismatching the characterization. - I try to make the beginning of the story shorter.	
February, 22 2017	-I revise the beginning of the story again because it is still too long -I omit unimportant dialogs -I read Agatha Christie's Book "Closed Casket" to learn when should I put the dialog and when I shouldn't	-The beginning is MY hardest part, I think I have made it shorter but in fact, it is still too long -Try to make the beginning of the paragraph as interesting as possible, because if you made the beginning sounds boring, your reader won't be attracted. -I learn how to make a good narration to explain the situation to replace the dialog, but it is difficult
March, 1 2017	-I started the story from zero again, because I	-I think I have made an improvement but

beginning as short as

Name : Siti Badriyah Desy Analia
 Student Number : 392013047
 Project Title : The Murder in the Hovel

	<p>realize that I have lack of skills in my previous story</p> <p>-I try to do my best to rewrite it and make the beginning as short as possible yet it should be good and can attract the reader</p>	<p>still I find it hard to make a good beginning.</p>
March, 8 2017	<p>-I begin to continue the story by writing the rising action</p> <p>-Because I include the location here, I try to describe the place carefully to make the reader sense it, too.</p> <p>-I only create the dialog if it is necessary.</p>	<p>-It is difficult to make the pace not too fast because what I have in mind is something that I should 'write' on before I forget.</p> <p>-In this part I have to learn again about showing something and it is still difficult for me even though I have learnt it before</p>

Name : Siti Badriyah Desy Amalia
 Student Number : 392013047
 Project Title : The Murder in the Hovel

-To make a dialog based on the characterization of a character isn't easy because somehow I have to fit it. I have to think and recall some of my friends who accidentally have same characterizations with my character and it makes me do the story easier.

March, 15 -I write the story and I
 2017 plan to write it longer because of the deadline
 -My detectives in the story begin to do intensive investigations. I try to persuade the

-To build a curiosity and make a good investigation isn't easy for me. I have to do it carefully because I am afraid if it turns out to be

Name : Sri Beatrix Desy Amalia
 Student Number : 392013047
 Project Title : The Murder in the Hovel

	<p>murderer to guess the murderer and make their curious.</p> <p>-I read Agatha Christie's Book "Murder on the Orient Express" to learn how to make a good investigation and make readers curious.</p>	<p>nonsense</p> <p>-I have two detectives in my story and each has different characteristic. It also means that they have different way to do investigation and I have to do extra works, too in order to show the reader their style of investigating something.</p>
March, 29 2017	<p>-I continue writing the story and adding some things that could make reader more curious</p> <p>-There are some things that I write without explanation in purpose because I want to reveal</p>	<p>-It is near the end of the story and I start thinking how to close the case later in the end, but I have so much in my mind that I think I should write. I have to choose one</p>

Name : Siti Badriyah Desy Amalia
 Student Number : 392013047
 Project Title : The Murder in the Hovel

the true murderer

-I read the story many times to make sure I don't miss anything before I continue to the end of the story

-I love detective stories, but to make one isn't easy because I have to pay attention to every details that I have written before, I have to be very careful.

April 12 2017 -I have been waiting for this moment to come, I finally reach the end of the story and begin to write the end with explanation of each mysteries in the story
 -I carefully explain everything because I have to make myself sure that the reader will get the answer of every questions they have in

-I am confused and I don't know how to start explaining everything. I procrastinate and waiting for the idea to come and it took me hours to get it
 -In case I miss something in the story, I always recall every mystery in the story when I try to

Name : Siti Badriyah Desy Amalia
 Student Number : 392013047
 Project Title : The Murder in the Hovel

	mind	explain it one by one. But still it is difficult because at first I want to make it in order but I realize that I can't do that so I revise it many times, I omit some words or explanation before I submit it to my supervisor
April, 19 2017	-I continue revealing the mysteries in the story carefully one by one and create a tense atmosphere -I also start writing the good ending for the story	-It is difficult to create the right atmosphere when the detective in the story reveals the truth, I didn't know whether everyone should be excited, tense, nervous, or scared. It is hard to decide

43

can't do that so I
revise it many times

43

Name : Siti Badriyah Desy Amalia
Student Number : 392013047
Project Title : The Murder in the Hovel

-When I think I only need one person to explain, I also think that I need others to give feedback to make the explanation more alive, but it is difficult because I have to limit it and I don't want reader thinks the explanation is boring

-Write an ending is also difficult because you have to carefully choose the right words, express the feeling of the character after the case is closed, etc



Acknowledgement

The rough time that I had been through during the process of finishing my final project has finally reached its end and goal. In fact, I wasn't alone during the progress of writing this final project. Therefore, I would like to say thank you to all of the people that kindly helped and motivated me. The first, I would like to say thank you to Almighty God for the guidance and strength that He has given to me all the time. Second, I would like to say thank you to my supervisor Deta Maria Sri Darta, M.Hum. for all the patience, guidance, and motivation that had successfully led me to the goal and also my second reader Erio RP FanggidaE, M.Hum. for all of the brilliant suggestions that made my story better than before.

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